

Poolesville Feb 15th 1863

Dear Wife

Sabbath has again

dawned upon me, and I find myself quite smart, The swelling has all gone from my face, and the soreness mostly gone. It is quite rainy to day, so much so, that we should not have to go out on duty. Last night I went up street and bought a few little nic-nacks, and tried to find me some pens to fit my pen stock but could not. Mr. Haynes has some good that he will let me have, as he can use any size.

The box has not yet reached me, as no boats are now running. It is probably at Georgetown.

I sent down for it yesterday by way of the Ambulance waggon, which went to Washington to [page torn] carry sick to the Hospital, the driver said he had some twenty more orders, and would bring it if he could. I wrote an order to the Express agt. to give it to him. four ambulances went down, and I rather think one of them will be able to bring it, I will not thank for

and he may be of  
great service to me  
and duty get me  
a better chemel.  
I am glad to learn  
that Mrs. Outmus  
feels her lab-  
ors me and tell  
her to kiss you lots  
for me and you both  
Miss Henry but for  
me  
Yours and  
Henry

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it, untill I find out what is in it, for it  
may contain a halter to hang me with, still  
I know love <sup>of woman</sup> is ever mindful of every little want  
which human nature is heir to in the rougher sex.  
This seems to be a queer kind of a day. I  
no home, no meeting, no duty, no quiet, no  
time to read, no chance to meditate, no dear  
friend to talk with, no chance for a stroll  
in the quiet open fields, no good table to  
sit to, no loving wife to sit beside, no dar-  
ling child to trot upon my knee, no  
soft lounge to recline upon, no cares  
upon my mind, (as that would be useless)  
and no nothing. This is just about the  
way I feel to day. I try to write, but  
cant. I know I have a wife that loves me,  
have children that almost worship me, but  
then I am not with them, I cannot see their  
faces, cannot hear their words of love,  
cannot feel the gentle pressure of the  
hand, cannot be electrified, direct, from  
those charged lips, which send electricity  
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sparkling eye reaching to the very heart.  
But after all, I keep a continual thinking.  
I find all our feelings vary to a greater or  
less degree in accordance with the circum-  
stances surrounding us, when wet, dark and  
gloomy around, our feelings in a great mea-  
sure partake of the same, but when the beautiful  
sun shines out in all its beauty, and the birds  
sing upon the fresh budding boughs, then the  
heart leaps forth in songs of love and praise.

A few moments ago I went out to Nature's call  
and the beautiful sun came out from behind the  
clouds, and shown upon me in all the warmth  
of a June day, it made me feel as though spring  
was close at hand. We are undoubtedly receiving  
the unhealthiest part of the season. Last year  
~~one month from this time the ground was pre-~~  
~~pared to receive the seed of the farmer.~~ I think  
our winter is over, we may have a few cold days,  
but as soon as spring opens, and the travelling  
is good it is expected we shall move into Vir, then  
farewell to the present home comforts we enjoy,  
we shall then, carry nothing but shelter

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tents, that we carry on our backs, and I shall have to fling away many things, or send them home. Mr. Haynes is going to send a box of things home with blanket empty cans &c. If we don't move until the first of Apr, I shall want to dispose of my overcoat, and I know of no place to leave it if I don't send it home, that tin can for butter might be worth something to you, but I shall have to fling it away, and a spider belonging to Haynes and myself cost 50 cts, it may cost more to get these things home than they are worth, our stove also which cost us \$2.50. Thompson & Blodget from our Com. were carried to Washington Saturday, I hope they will get their discharge, for I am satisfied they will do no more work for a long time. They felt bad when they came to leave. The Adgt. has gone home on a furlough of 10 days. Our chaplain is to be back here the last of this month, probably the last day and is going to stop in Keene on his way here which will probably be three or four days previous, I wish you might see him, he is a fine man, full of the milk of human kindness. First of Apr is fast approaching, and it will soon be time for you to move if at all. Will Mother see to that house in Bfld. that ought to be seen to, I have commenced a letter to Mother to day, and have written one to Thatcher, I think by James letter tenements will be in demand there, If Tucker wants it he will not want to raise on the rent which he ought to. You write me where Dr. Taylor is what Regt I will write him if I can get his address, You look at James last letter I sent you, I did not take the no of the Regt. If I shd. go out near him I shall go and see him

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[The following is crossed hatched on pg. 1]

and it may be of  
great surprise to me,  
and I may get me  
a better chance.  
I am glad to learn  
that Flora continues  
better. Kiss her lots  
for me and tell  
her to kiss you lots  
for me and you both  
kiss Henry lots for me.

Yours ever,  
J. Henry

I guess I shant offer to let James have any money at present.